

IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.

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"Or take the case of Mr. Norman, editor of The Daily News. He risked his entire fortune in obedience to what he believed was Jesus' probable action and revolutionized his entire conduct of the paper at the risk of a failure. I send you a copy of yesterday's paper. To my mind, it is one of the most interesting and remarkable papers ever printed in the United States. It is open to criticism, but what could any mere man attempt in this line that would be free from criticism? Take it all in all, it is so far above the ordinary conception of a daily paper that I am amazed at the result. He tells me that the paper is beginning to be read more and more by the Christian people of the city. He is very confident of its final success."

"Read his editorial on the money question; also the one on the coming election in Raymond, when the question of license will again be an issue. Both articles are of the best from this point of view. He says he never begins an editorial or, in fact, any part of his newspaper work without first asking, 'What would Jesus do?' The result is certainly apparent."

"Then there is Milton Wright, the merchant. He has, I am told, so revolutionized his business that no man is more beloved today in Raymond. His own clerks and employees have affection for him that is very touching. During the winter, while he was lying dangerously ill at his home, scores of clerks volunteered to watch or help in any possible way, and his return to his store was greeted with marked demonstrations. All this has been brought about by the element of personal love introduced into the business. This love is not mere words, but the business itself is carried on under a system of co-operation that is not a patronizing recognition of inferiors, but a real sharing in the entire business. Other men on the street look upon Milton Wright as odd. It is a fact, however, that while he has lost heavily in some directions he has increased his business and is today respected and honored as one of the best and most successful merchants in Raymond."

"And there is Miss Winslow. She has chosen to give her great talent to the poor and wretched of the city. Her plans include a musical institute where choruses and classes in vocal music shall be a feature. She is enthusiastic over her life work. In connection with her friend Miss Page she has planned a course in music which, if carried out, will certainly do much to lift up the lives of the people down there. I am not too old, my dear Caxton, to be interested in the romantic side of much that has also been tragic here in Raymond, and I must tell you that it is well understood there that Miss Winslow expects to be married this spring to a brother of Miss Page, who was once a society leader and clubman and who was converted in a tent where his wife that is to be took an active part in the service. I don't know all the details of this little romance, but I can imagine there is a little story wrapped up in it, and it would be interesting reading if we only knew it all."

"These are only a few illustrations of results in individual lives owing to obedience to the pledge. I meant to have spoken of President Marsh of Lincoln college. He is a graduate of my alma mater, and I knew him slightly when I was in the senior year. He has taken an active part in the recent municipal agitation, and his influence in the city is regarded as a very large factor in the coming election. He impressed me, as did all the other disciples in this movement, as having fought out some hard questions and as having caused and still do cause that suffering of which Henry Maxwell speaks, a suffering that does not eliminate but does appear to intensify a positive and practical joy."

"But I am prolonging this letter, possibly to your weariness. I am unable to avoid the feeling of fascination which my entire stay here has increased. I want to tell you something of the meeting in the First church today."

"As I said, I heard Maxwell preach. At his earnest request I had preached for him the Sunday before, and this was the first time I had heard him since the association four years ago. His sermon this morning was as different from his sermon then as if it had been thought out and preached by some one living on another planet. I was profoundly touched. I believe I actually shed tears once. Others in the congregation were moved like myself. His text was: 'What is that to thee? Follow thou me.' And it was a most unusually impressive appeal to the Christians of Raymond to obey Jesus' teachings and follow in his steps, regardless of what others might do. I cannot give you even the plan of the sermon. It would take too long. At the close of the service there was the usual after meeting that has become a regular feature of the First church. Into this meeting have come all those who made the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and the time is spent in mutual fellowship, confession, questions as to what Jesus would do in special cases and prayer that the one great guide of every disciple's conduct may be the Holy Spirit."

"Maxwell asked me to come into this meeting. Nothing in all my ministerial life, Caxton, has so moved me as that meeting. I never felt the Spirit's presence so powerfully. It was a meeting of reminiscences and of the most loving

fellowship. I was irresistibly driven in thought back to the first years of Christianity. There was something about all this that was apostolic in its simplicity and Christ imitation."

"I asked questions. One that seemed to arouse more interest than any other was in regard to the extent of the Christian disciples' sacrifice of personal property. Henry Maxwell tells me that so far no one has interpreted the spirit of Jesus in such a way as to abandon his earthly possessions, give away all his wealth or in any literal way imitate the Christians of the order, for example, of St. Francis of Assisi. It was the unanimous consent, however, that if any disciple should feel that Jesus in his own particular case would do that there could be only one answer to the question. Maxwell frankly admitted that he was still, to a certain degree, uncertain as to Jesus' probable action when it came to the details of household living, the possession of wealth, the holding of certain luxuries. It is, however, evident that very many of these disciples have repeatedly carried their obedience to Jesus to the extreme limit, regardless of financial loss. There is no lack of courage or consistency at this point. It is also true that some of the business men who took the pledge have lost great sums of money in this imitation of Jesus, and very many have, like Alexander Powers, lost valuable positions owing to the impossibility of doing what they had been accustomed to do and at the same time doing what they felt Jesus would do in the same place. In connection with these cases it is pleasant to record the fact that many who have suffered in this way have at once been helped financially by those who still have means. In this respect I think it is true that these disciples have all things in common. Certainly such scenes as I witnessed at the First church at that after service this morning I never saw in my church or any other. I never dreamed that such a Christian fellowship could exist in this age of the world. I am almost incredulous as to the witness of my own senses. I still seem to be asking myself if this is the close of the nineteenth century in America."

"But now, dear friend, I come to the real cause of the letter, the real heart of the whole question as the First church of Raymond has forced it upon me. Before the meeting closed today steps were taken to secure the co-operation of all other Christian disciples in this country. I think Henry Maxwell took this step after long deliberation. He said as much to me one day when I called upon him and we were discussing the effect of this movement upon the church in general."

"Why," he said, "suppose that the church membership generally in this country made this pledge and lived up to it. What a revolution it would cause in Christendom! But why not? Is it any more than the disciple ought to do? Has he followed Jesus unless he is willing to do this? Is the test of discipleship any less today than it was in Jesus' time?"

"I do not know all that preceded or followed his thought of what ought to be done outside of Raymond, but the idea crystallized today in a plan to secure the fellowship of all the Christians in America. The churches through their pastors will be asked to form disciple gatherings like the one in the First church. Volunteers will be called for in the great body of church members in the United States who will promise to do as Jesus would do. Maxwell spoke particularly of the result of such general action on the saloon question. He is terribly in earnest over this. He told me that there was no question in his mind that the saloon would be beaten in Raymond at the election now near at hand. If so, they could go on with some courage to do the redemptive work begun by the evangelist and now taken up by the disciples in his own church. If the saloon triumphs again, there will be a terrible and, as he thinks, unnecessary waste of Christian sacrifice. But, however we differ on that point, he has convinced his church that the time has come for a fellowship with other Christians. Surely, if the First church could work such changes in society and its surroundings, the church in general, if combining such fellowship, not of creed, but of conduct, ought to stir the entire nation to a higher life and a new conception of Christian following."

"This is a grand idea, Caxton, but right here is where I find myself hesitating. I do not deny that the Christian disciple ought to follow Christ's steps as closely as these here in Raymond have tried to do, but I cannot avoid asking what the result will be if I ask my church in Chicago to do it. I am writing this after feeling the solemn, profound touch of the Spirit's presence, and I confess to you, old friend, that I cannot call up in my church a dozen prominent business or professional men who would make this trial at the risk of all that they hold dear. Can you do any better in your church? What are we to say—that the church would not respond to the call, 'Come and suffer?' The actual results of the pledge as obeyed here in Raymond are enough to make any pastor tremble and at the same time long with yearning that they might occur in his own parish. Certainly, never have I seen a church so signally blessed by the Spirit as this one. But am I myself ready to take this pledge? I ask the question honestly, and I dread to face an honest answer. I know well enough that I would have to change very much in my life if I under-

took to follow his steps so closely. I have called myself a Christian for many years. For the past ten years I have enjoyed a life that has had comparatively little suffering in it. I am—honestly I say it—living at a long distance from municipal problems and the life of the poor, the degraded and the abandoned. What would the obedience to this pledge demand of me? I hesitate to answer. My church is wealthy, full of well-to-do, satisfied people. The standard of their discipleship is, I am aware, not of a nature to respond to the call to suffering or personal loss. I say, 'I am aware.' I may be mistaken. I may have erred in not stirring their deeper life. Caxton, my friend, I have spoken my inmost thought to you. Shall I go back to my people next Sunday and stand up before them in my large city church and say, 'Let us follow Jesus closer; let us walk in his steps, where it will cost us something more than it is costing us now; let us pledge not to do anything without first asking, 'What would Jesus do?' If I should go before them with that message, it would be a strange and startling one to them. But why? Are we not really to follow him all the way? What is it to be a follower of Jesus? What does it mean to imitate him? What does it mean to walk in his steps?"

The Rev. Calvin Bruce, D. D., of the Nazareth Avenue church, Chicago, let his pen fall on the paper. He had come to the parting of the ways, and his question, he felt sure, was the question of many and many a man in the ministry and in the church. He went to his window and opened it. He was oppressed with the weight of his convictions, and he felt almost suffocated with the air of the room. He wanted to see the stars and feel the breath of the world.

The night was very still. The clock in the First church was striking midnight. As it finished a clear, strong voice down in the direction of the Rectangle came floating up to him as if borne on radiant pinions:

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No! There's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me."

It was the voice of one of Gray's old converts, a night watchman at the packing houses, who sometimes solaced his lonesome hours by a verse or two from some familiar hymn.

The Rev. Calvin Bruce turned away from the window, and after a little hesitation he knelt down. "What would Jesus do? What would Jesus do?" Never had he yielded himself so completely to the Spirit's searching revealing of Jesus. He was on his knees a long time. He retired and slept fitfully, with many awakenings. He rose before it was clear dawn and threw open his window again. As the light in the east grew stronger he repeated to himself: "What would Jesus do? What would he do? Shall I follow his steps?"

The sun rose and flooded the city with its power. When shall the dawn of a new discipleship usher in the conquering triumph of a closer walk with Jesus? When shall Christendom tread more closely the path he made?

It is the way the Master trod,
Shall not the servant tread it still?

With this question throbbing through his whole being the Rev. Calvin Bruce went back to Chicago, and the great crisis of his Christian life in the ministry suddenly broke irresistibly upon him.

CHAPTER IX.

Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.

The Saturday matinee at the Auditorium in Chicago was just over, and the usual crowd was struggling to get to its carriage before any one else. The Auditorium attendant was shouting out the number of different carriages, and the carriage doors were slamming as the horses were driven rapidly to the curb. Held there impatient by the drivers, who had shivered long in the raw east wind, and then let go to plunge for a few minutes into the river of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and finally went whirling off up the avenue.

"Now, then, 634!" shouted the Auditorium attendant. "Six hundred and twenty-four!" he repeated as there dashed up to the curb a splendid span of black horses attached to a carriage having the monogram "C. R. S." in gilt letters on the panel of the door.

Two girls stepped out of the crowd toward the carriage. The older one had entered and taken her seat, and the attendant was still holding the door open for the younger, who stood hesitating on the curb.

"Come, Felicia! What are you waiting for? I shall freeze to death!" called the voice from the carriage.

The girl outside of the carriage hastily unpinched a bunch of English violets from her dress and handed them to a small boy who was standing shivering on the edge of the sidewalk, almost under the horses' feet. He took them with a look of astonishment and a "Thank ye, lady!" and instantly buried a very grimy face in the bunch of perfume. The girl stepped into the carriage, the door shut with the incisive bang peculiar to well-made carriages of this sort, and in a few moments the coachman was speeding the horses rapidly up one of the boulevards.

"You are always doing some queer thing or other, Felicia," said the older girl as the carriage whirled on past the great residences already brilliantly lighted.

"Am I? What have I done that is queer now, Rose?" asked the other, looking up suddenly and turning her head toward her sister.

"Oh, giving those violets to that boy! He looked as if he needed a good hot supper more than a bunch of violets. It's a wonder you didn't invite him home with us. I shouldn't have been surprised if you had. You are always doing such queer things, Felicia."

"Would it be queer to invite a boy like that to come to the house and get a hot supper?" Felicia asked the question softly and almost as if she were alone.

"Queer isn't just the word, of course," replied Rose indifferently. "It

would be what Mme. Blanc calls outrageous—decidedly. Therefore you will please not invite him or others like him to hot suppers because I suggested it. Oh, dear! I'm awfully tired."

She yawned, and Felicia silently looked out of the window in the door.

"The concert was stupid, and the violinist was simply a bore. I don't see how you could sit so still through it all," Rose exclaimed, a little impatiently.

"I liked the music," answered Felicia quietly.

"You like anything. I never saw a girl with so little critical taste."

Felicia colored slightly, but would not answer. Rose yawned again and then hummed a fragment of a popular song. Then she exclaimed abruptly:

"I'm sick of almost everything. I hope the 'Shadows of London' will be exciting tonight."

"The 'Shadows of London'?" murmured Felicia.

"The 'Shadows of London'—the play, the great drama with its wonderful scenery, the sensation of New York for two months. You know we have a box with the Delanos tonight."

Felicia turned her face toward her sister. Her great brown eyes were very expressive and not altogether free from a sparkle of luminous heat.

"And yet we never weep over the real thing on the actual stage of life. What are the shadows of London or Chicago as they really exist? Why don't we get excited over the facts as they are?"

"Because the actual people are dirty and disagreeable and it's too much bother, I suppose," replied Rose carelessly. "Felicia, you never can reform the world. What's the use? We're not to blame for the poverty and misery. There have always been rich and poor, and there always will be. We ought to be thankful we're rich."

"Suppose Christ had gone on that principle," replied Felicia, with unusual persistence. "Do you remember Dr. Bruce's sermon on that verse a few Sundays ago? 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich.'"

"I remember it well enough," said Rose, with some petulance. "And didn't Dr. Bruce go on to say that there was no blame attached to people who had wealth if they are kind and give to the needs of the poor? And I am sure the doctor himself is pretty comfortably settled. He never gives up his luxuries just because some people in the city go hungry. What good would it do if he did? I tell you, Felicia, there will always be poor and rich in spite of all we can do. Ever since Rachel has written about the queer doings in Raymond you have upset the whole family. People can't live at that concert pitch all the time. You see if Rachel doesn't give it up soon. It's a great pity she doesn't come to Chicago and sing in the Auditorium concerts. I heard today she had received an offer. I'm going to write and urge her to come. I'm just dying to hear her sing."

Felicia looked out of the window and was silent. The carriage rolled on past two blocks of magnificent private residences and turned into a wide driveway under a covered passage, and the sisters hurried into the house. It was an elegant mansion of graystone, furnished like a palace, every corner of it warm with the luxury of paintings, sculpture, art and refinement.

The owner of it all, Mr. Charles R. Sterling, stood before an open grate fire smoking a cigar. He had made his money in grain speculation and railroad ventures and was reputed to be worth something over two millions. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Winslow of Raymond. She had been an invalid for several years. The two girls, Rose and Felicia, were the only children. Rose was 21 years old, fair, vivacious, educated in a fashionable college, just entering society and already somewhat cynical and indifferent, a very hard young lady to please, her father said sometimes playfully, sometimes sternly. Felicia was 19, with a tropical beauty somewhat like her cousin, Rachel Winslow, with warm, generous impulses just waking into Christian feeling, capable of all sorts of expression, a puzzle to her father, a source of irritation to her mother and with a great, unsurveyed territory of thought and action in herself of which she was more than dimly conscious. There was that in Felicia that would easily endure any condition in life if only the liberty to act fully on her conscientious convictions were granted her.

"Here's a letter for you, Felicia," said Mr. Sterling, taking it out of his pocket.

Felicia sat down and instantly opened the letter, saying as she did so, "It's from Rachel."

"Well, what's the latest news from Raymond?" asked Mr. Sterling, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking at Felicia, as he often did, with half shut eyes, as if he were studying her.

"Rachel says Dr. Bruce has been studying in Raymond for two Sundays and has seemed very much interested in Mr. Maxwell's pledge in the First church."

"What does Rachel say about herself?" asked Rose, who was lying on a couch almost buried under half a dozen elegant cushions.

"She is still singing at the Rectangle. Since the tent meetings closed she sings in an old hall until the new buildings her friend Virginia Page is putting up are completed."

"I must write Rachel to come to Chicago and visit us. She ought not to throw away her voice in that railroad town upon all those people who don't appreciate her."

Mr. Sterling lighted a new cigar, and Rose exclaimed:

"Rachel is awfully queer. I think she might set Chicago wild with her voice if she sang in the Auditorium, and there she goes on, throwing her voice away on people who don't know what they are hearing."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Memorial Meeting
In Ellerbe's Honor.

Addresses on Life and Character of Late Governor.

The joint assembly for memorial exercises in honor of the late Governor William Haselden Ellerbe was convened in the hall of the house of representatives promptly at noon last Thursday and was called to order by Senator John C. Sheppard, president pro tem of the senate, who presided and made a short introductory address. Gen. R. R. Hemphill, clerk of the senate, read the resolution calling for the joint assembly.

The assembly then rose to receive the governor, supreme court and State house officials. Governor McSweeney entered with Senator W. A. Brown, of Marion, followed by Rev. W. R. Richardson with Representative W. J. Montgomery, of Marion, Attorney General Bellinger with Senator Livingston, of Marlboro, Chief Justice Melver, Associate Justices Pope, Gary and Jones and the other State officials and members of the joint committee.

The proceedings were then opened with an appropriate prayer by Rev. W. R. Richardson, pastor of the Washington Street Methodist church which Gov. Ellerbe attended.

Senator W. A. Brown, of Gov. Ellerbe's county then offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas since the adjournment of the last general assembly of South Carolina an inscrutable providence has taken from us by death the young but capable and highly distinguished chief magistrate of the State, William H. Ellerbe, therefore, be it

Resolved 1. That while we bow in humble submission to this dispensation of God's providence, we realize the great loss sustained by the State and country and grieve at the departure of a lovable and loyal gentleman and patriotic citizen and a faithful and efficient chief magistrate

2. That each house hereby records its high appreciation of the distinguished and devoted services of the deceased to his state, from the position of private citizen to that of the highest place in the gift of the people

3. That we, the representatives of the people, hereby jointly tender to the bereaved family of the deceased sincere sympathy and condolence, as the loss which is great to the country is irreparable to them.

4. That these resolutions be spread upon the journals of the respective houses, and that an engrossed copy be transmitted to the afflicted family

5. That as a further token of respect and esteem to the memory of the deceased this joint assembly do now adjourn.

Addresses were made by Senators Brown, Livingston, Appelt, Representatives McCullough, Baeot and others.

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Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile Cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cured guaranteed. Sold by J. F. W. DeLorme, Drug-gist. 1-5

"The Reg'lar Army Man."

The following verses, which have a decidedly Kipling-like flavor were clipped from a communication to the Oxford Press, published at Oxford, Chester county, Pa, from a private soldier in the Twelfth United States infantry, on duty in the Philippines:

He ain't no gold-laced "Belvedere,"
He sparkle in the sun;
He don't parade with gay cockade,
And poses in his gun;
He ain't no "pretty soldier boy,"
So lovely, spick and span,
He wears a crust of tan an' dust,
The reg'lar army man,
The marchin', paradin',
Pipe-play starchin',
Reg'lar army man.

He ain't at home in Sunday school,
Nor yet at social tea,
And on the day he gets his pay
He's apt to spend it free;
He ain't no temperance advocate,
He likes ter fill the can;
He's kinder rough an', maybe, tough,
The reg'lar army man;

No saint'll call him "noble son,"
He ain't to be a pet,
But let a row send anyhow,
The reg'lar army man;
He don't cut any ice at all
In flashin' his social plan,
He gets the job to face a mob,
The reg'lar army man;

They ain't no tears shed over him
When he goes off ter war,
He gets no speech nor prayerful "preach"
From mayor or governor;
He packs his little knapsack up
And tucks off in the van,
Ter start the fight and start it right
The reg'lar army man;

He makes no fuss about the job,
He don't talk big or brave,
He knows he's in to fight and win,
Or he'll bid up a grave;
He ain't no "an' amma's darlin'," but
He does the best he can,
And he's the chap that wins the scrap,
The reg'lar army man;

The dandy, handy,
Cool and sassy,
Reg'lar army man.

No crop can
grow with-
out Potash.

Every blade of
Grass, every grain
of Corn, all Fruits
and Vegetables
must have it. If
enough is supplied
you can count on a full crop—
if too little, the growth will be
"scrubby."

Send for our books telling all about composition of
fertilizers best adapted for all crops. They cost you
nothing.

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Schedule No. 4—In effect 12.01 a. m., Sun-
day, December 24, 1899



Between
Camden S. C. and Blacksburg, S. C.

WEST.				EAST.			
2d cl	1st cl	3d cl	Eastern time.	1st cl	2d cl	3d cl	
p m	p m		STATIONS.	p m	p m		
8 20	12 50		Camden	12 25	5 30		
8 50	1 15		Dekalb	11 02	4 40		
9 20	1 27		Westville	11 30	4 30		
10 50	1 40		Kershaw	11 35	4 40		
11 20	2 10		Heath Springs	11 20	3 15		
11 35	2 15		Pleasant Hill	11 15	3 05		
12 30	2 35		Lancaster	10 55	2 35		
1 00	2 40		Riverside	10 40	1 60		
1 20	3 00		Springfield	10 30	12 40		
2 30	3 10		Catawba Junction	10 20	12 20		
2 50	3 40		Leslie	10 13	11 00		
3 10	3 40		Rock Hill	10 00	10 40		
4 10	3 55		New Port	9 35	8 20		
4 45	4 12		Tirzah	9 30	8 00		
5 30	4 20		Yorkville	9 15	7 20		
6 00	4 35		Sharon	9 00	6 50		
6 25	4 50		Hickory Grove	8 45	6 20		
6 35	5 00		Smyrna	8 35	6 00		
7 00	5 20		Blacksburg	8 15	5 30		
p m	p m			a m	a m		

Between
Blacksburg, S. C., and Marion, N. C.

WEST.				EAST.			
2d cl	1st cl	3d cl	Eastern time.	1st cl	2d cl	3d cl	
a m	p m		STATIONS.	a m	p m		
8 10	5 30		Blacksburg	7 48	6 40		
8 30	5 45		Earls	7 32	6 20		
8 40	5 50		Patterson Springs	7 25	6 12		
9 20	6 00		Shelby	7 15	6 00		
10 00	6 20		Lattimore	6 55	5 40		
10 10	6 28		Mooresboro	6 48	4 40		
10 25	6 38		Henrietta	6 38	4 20		
10 50	6 58		Forest City	6 20	3 50		
11 15	7 10		Rutherfordton	6 05	3 25		
11 35	7 22		Milwood	5 55	3 05		
11 45	7 35		Golden Valley	5 40	2 50		
12 05	7 40		Thermal City	5 37	2 45		
12 25	7 58		Glenwood	5 17	2 20		
12 50	8 15		Marion	5 00	2 00		
p m	p m			a m	p m		

West. Gaffney Division. East.

1st Class	15	13
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